



The Dark Crystal



fantasy

magic

crystal

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Chapter 1 by Pharaoh

The night was dark, a cold bite floating in the wind. Fog engulfed the mountain, but the tips of the castle reached far above the cloudy haze. Veera's muscles ached as her legs dragged her the final way up the mountain to the castles entrance.

No one every went here, well, if anyone did they never left alive. Yet Veera found herself drawn to something inside the castle, an overwhelming urge to pull the ancient door blocking the entrance open. The same urged which drew her to climb the mountain in the first place. Veera remembered the stories people told about the castle;

The halls are filled with the dead, broken souls wondering them in fear. The dark crystal does it. It does everything. The crystal lures them up the mountain and into the castle; calling to them.

Veera could feel her mind warning her, begging her not to enter - but the crystal just wouldn't stop calling.

Chapter 2 by ForbiddenMoonlight



Dreading every step, yet filled with an unspeakable pleasure, she wrapped her hands around the ornate handle. With strength, she heaved the doors open.

Air blasted into her face, c

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'It calls to me' she thought, feeling her mind start to scream. A tangle of words, of warnings and feelings that were overridden by the crystal.

Almost.

Veera stood on the threshold, wavering between mind and the crystal that called to her very soul.

Pain didn't jolt her out of this enchantment, and her legs didnt really hurt THAT much, but they still fell out from beneath her. '

Veera cried out, arms shooting towards something, anything!

To settle on something dusty, hard. Her fingers curled, sinking into...

Veera knew what it was, but still turned to look, still bit down on the scream that threatened to spill from her lips.

A skull, and all those stories suddenly seemed true. They hadn't before, somehow. A child's tale? Not quite, but it had some sort of surreal quality. Well, that surreality was shoving itself down her unwilling throat.

Veera slowly removed her hand, trembling, facing the entrance once again. This time, she stepped forward. But this time, this time it was of her own accord. Sure, the crystal urged her forward with urgent whispers but Veera was sure that she could have stepped away, gone back to the boring life at the bottom of the mountain. A life where people disappeared all the time, and no one wondered. No one asked or mourned.

But surely what lay ahead was better than that dreadful life behind her, right?

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